

POETRY.

Lizzie's Secret.

The moon was in the azure sky;
Sailing down on me;
Golden stars were grouped around,
Twinkling merrily;
With hand upon the wicket-latch,
And foot upon the poise,
I listened, still unseen, to catch
The music of her voice.

"O gentle moon," the fairy said,
"I would that I could tell
Whether or my lover's head
To-night thy rays have fell,
He would not seem so far away,
And I could happier be,
To know that on the tranquil sky
He's looking now with me."

"Oh! twinkle, twinkle merry stars,
I love to see you shine;
You're beaming like my lover's eyes
When they look into mine!
You're shining with the light you shone
When, may be, jestingly,
He told me that he loved but one,
And that one might be me."

"And he will dream of me to-night,
And I will dream of him,
And I will wake at morning light,
So sorrowful and dim;
For I am lonely when he's gone,
Although he deems me cold—
But mine's an all-absorbing love,
Too fervent to be told."

Lightly rose the wicket-latch,
Quickly fell the foot—
Round the singing lassie then
A welcome arm was put.
Our meeting neither may regret,
For very soon—ah! well,
She wants that kept a secret yet,
And so I must not tell!

VARIETY.

From the Carolina Spartan.
Drainage.

As the hills lose their soil, the low lands, in every country, increase in importance, and in process of time become the farmer's chief dependence. It must be obvious, then, that few subjects, in relation to our agricultural system, demand more the attention and skill of the cultivator than "drainage." There is an underground climate and an atmospheric climate above the surface. Both must unite—the one upon the root, the other upon the stem and the leaves, or no healthy fruit or prolific crop can be produced. "Water-logged" lands at once continue cold, and exclude the air from the roots, which is ruinous to vegetation. The sovereign remedy, in all such cases, is thorough drainage. It is known that in the early spring the earth is cold—too cold for vegetable growth. But it is a well known fact that water, though heated on the surface, will not communicate its heat downwards. It is obvious then—no matter how genial the atmosphere may be—the intestines being all filled with cold water, and the air thus excluded, the root, in "water-logged" lands must not only continue cold, but the air being excluded, it is deprived of one of its chief resources of nutriment. But when, by deep drainage, the water is removed, the air takes its place.

But this is not all. The warm air thus fermenting the soil carries down what gardeners call "bottom heat" with it. Again: The cold stagnant water being drained off, the warm rains of the surface also descend. Hence, well drained lands will be found from ten to twenty degrees warmer than "water-logged" lands. In this latter kind of ground the warm rain increases in temperature by falling on a warmer surface—is prevented from descending, because it being lighter cannot displace the colder and heavier water beneath. Indeed, hot water might be raised for a month upon "water-logged" land and yet its temperature would not probably be affected an inch below the surface of the stagnant water with which it is filled. On the contrary, if the soil be open and not "water-logged," the warm rain descends through the crevices of the earth, carrying with it the high temperature it has gained at the surface, and imparts it to the root as it passes downward, and thus produces that "bottom heat" so essential to vegetation. Thus by deep draining and deep tilling, a magical effect may be produced. Thus, too, the value of lands may be increased often from ten to a hundred fold.

AGRICULTURE.

THE GLUCOSE OF THE SORGHUM CHANGING TO CANE SUGAR.—Dr. Augustus A. Hayes, of Boston, assayer to the State of Massachusetts, who has made occasional contributions to our columns, has come prominently before the public during the present year, because of his opinion that the sugar of the Chinese cane would, in no case, granulate and yield pure cane sugar. An abstract of his paper, read before the Scientific Convention at Montreal, was published in No. 52, of Vol. XII, of the *Scientific American*. His investigations, in conjunction with Dr. Bacon, of the same city, were compiled and published in an article which he furnished for Mr. Olcott's "Sorgho and Inuphee." Subsequently, however, he has made further examination of his samples of syrups, and, to his great surprise, found that large masses of actual cane sugar crystals had formed in them.—The samples of glucose which Dr. Hayes had in his possession, turned into crystalline sugar, by simply standing a certain length of time. Efforts have been heretofore made by chemists, but without success, to obtain crystal sugar from glucose; hence, it was concluded, that such a conversion of it was impossible. The chemical change referred to, Dr. Hayes announces to be something entirely new, and that it will largely enhance the value of the Sorgho.

"This is George the Fourth, said an exhibitor of wax-work, pointing to a slim figure. 'I thought he was a very stout man.' 'Very likely, but if you'd been here without vitals half so long as he has, you'd been twice as thin.'"

JONES has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that a "little Difference" frequently makes many enemies, while a "little Distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

The Vestal Virgins.

The origin of the vestals dated from the foundation of Rome. The mother of Romulus was supposed to have been one. Their number was six, and they were to be without blemish and deformity. They were chosen very young, from the age of six to ten. If a sufficient number of candidates did not present themselves, lots were cast among twenty select virgins, and those on whom the lot fell were compelled to take on themselves the office of priestesses. For thirty years they remained virgins; ten of these years were spent in learning their duties; the next ten in performing them; and the last in instructing those who had entered the novitiate. At the expiration of this period their vows of celibacy were no longer binding, and they were permitted to retire from their office. The employment of the vestals was to watch the fire of Vesta, and prevent its being extinguished, which, if it should happen, was regarded as a great calamity; and the fire was again kindled by the rays of the sun through a burning-glass. The vestals also had charge of the palladium, a statue of Minerva, supposed to have fallen from heaven. The dress of the vestals was a white vest, with purple borders, a white surplice, and, overall, a great purple mantle, flowing to the ground. They wore a close covering on their heads, called *insula*; from which hung ribbons. If any of the vestal virgins proved incontinent, they were sealed up in a cave under ground, in which was a bed, a lamp, and a little bread and wine, where they were left to perish; but during the space of a thousand years this punishment was inflicted only eighteen times. The vestals possessed many privileges. The most honorable seats at public games and festivals were allotted them; they rode in chariots; and if by chance they met a criminal going to execution, he was immediately pardoned. Great deference was paid them by the people; and it was a capital crime to insult one. If any of them died while in office, the body was buried within the city, an honor granted but few.

[Southern Monitor.]

PUNCH'S CHARGE TO THE JURY.—An exchange paper republishes the following "charge" which came from the London *Punch* some fifteen years ago. Notwithstanding the antiquity of the document, it is a "model" charge, so far, at least, as it possesses the merit of leaving the jury unbiased in their deliberations upon a verdict.

Gentlemen of the Jury: You are sworn in all cases to decide according to the evidence; at the same time, if you have any doubt, you are bound to give the prisoner the benefit of it. Suppose you have to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of a gentleman accused of felony. You will naturally doubt whether any gentleman would commit such offence—accordingly, however strong may be the testimony against him, you will, perhaps, acquit him. The evidence of your own senses is, at least, as credible as that of the witnesses; if, therefore, your eyesight convince you that the prisoner is a well-dressed person, you have a right to presume his respectability; and it is for you to say whether a respectable person would be likely to be guilty of the crimes imputed to him. In like manner, when you see a shabby-looking fellow in the dock, charged, for example, with sheep stealing, the decision rests with you, first, whether or not that individual is a rascal, mutton, and, secondly, how far it is probable that a man of that description would steal sheep. Of course, as has been before said, you will always be guided by the evidence; but, then, whether the evidence is trustworthy or not, is a matter for your private consideration. You may believe it if you choose, or you may disbelieve it; and whether, gentlemen of the jury, you will believe it or disbelieve it, will depend on the constitution of your minds. If your minds are so constituted that you wish to find the prisoner guilty, perhaps you will believe it; if they happen to be so constituted that you desire to find him not guilty, why then, very likely, you will disbelieve it. You are to free your minds from all passion and prejudice if you can, and, in that case, your judgment will be unbiased; but if you cannot, you will return a verdict accordingly. It is not, strictly speaking, for you to consider what will be the effect of your verdict; but if such a consideration should occur to you, and you cannot help attending to it, that verdict will be influenced by it to a certain extent. You are probably aware that when you retire, you will be locked up until you contrive to agree. You may arrive at unanimity by fair discussion, or by some of you starving out the others, or by tossing up, and your conclusion, whichever of these processes arrived at, will be more or less in accordance with your oaths. Your verdict may be right; it is to be hoped it will not. It may be wrong; it is to be hoped it will not. At all events, gentlemen of the jury, you will come to some conclusion or other; unless it should so happen that you separate without coming to any.

MARRYING IN HASTE.—The wife of a painter and glazier in Syracuse, N. Y., died a week or two since, and several friends of the family went from Auburn to sympathize with the bereaved husband, and assist at the funeral services. Among them was a young lady who was, until that time, a perfect stranger to the husband. The sympathy of this interesting lady made such an impression upon the heart-broken husband, that he commenced making love to her, and easily succeeded in winning her affections.

In due time the corpse of the dead wife was placed in the cemetery, and the next day the afflicted husband consoled himself by taking to his arms the susceptible young lady from Auburn.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean benevolence and candor, is the product of right reason; which of necessity will give place to the feelings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candor in the judge.

That Odious Cigar.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

'Clarence,' said the fair Julia Hayton to Mr. C. Linton, the young gentleman who was soon to take the pledge to cherish, love and protect her for life, 'those curls of yours are very luxurious, almost feminine.'

'Do you wish me to clip them to the stern warrior crop,' as Brutus says?

'By no means. I only wished to remark that Mr. Richard Sniveller was right when he observed that the human hair was a great retainer of tobacco-smoke.'

The young gentleman coughed slightly as the color mounted to his face—it was a good sign that he had not forgotten how to blush. The ingenuousness of youth is always pleasing.

'And do you know, Clarence,' continued the fair one, 'that I think the Countess Merlin was right, when she said that the scent of tobacco was the vilest of odors? Strange that people will cultivate a taste for a weed that is at first repugnant both to men and animals.'

Nothing more was said upon the subject, but that same evening Clarence Linton gave away a box of Leon d'Ore's, and a very elegant cigar-case, and thenceforth smoked no more.

The wedding of the pair occurred a few days after this conversation, and they entered upon the occupancy of a little band-box of a town-house, which was not too small to permit the bride the luxury of a boudoir, and our hero the enjoyment of a sanctum. Married people cannot always be together, and must have their separate cages, 'wheels within wheels,' as Samivel says.

Business called Clarence from home a good deal, but he always left it with regret, and returned to it with ardor. As he still thought Julia was a peerless creature, and himself utterly unworthy of her, and as she had been something of a coquette before marriage, and as he had more than one mischief-making female relative, what wonder he became jealous! The possibility of her flirting, of her loving another than himself once entertained, he became suspicious and uncomfortable.

One day he tapped at the door of the boudoir, and was admitted after a strange delay. He thought he detected the well-remembered and well-known odor of a cigar.

'Have you had visitors, Julia?' he asked.

'No—I have been quite alone all the afternoon,' was the reply. But she looked confused as she said this.

'Your brother Tom hasn't been here?'

'No one—I told you once,' was the somewhat pettish reply, as the lady left the room in a flutter.

'There's a hateful mystery here that I must fathom!' thought Clarence. 'Somebody has been here, in spite of her denial. Some gentleman—one of her old flames—smoking—confound his impudence! This, then, is the meaning of love, honor and obey? O, woman—woman—woman!'

Some days after this incident, Mr. Clarence Linton announced, with a very grave face, that business suddenly called him to New York, and that he should be absent for three or four days. He was duly kissed and counselled, and departed, in company with a brown umbrella and a carpet-bag. But in the hush of evening he returned, opened the street door with his pass-key, went up stairs and tried the door of the boudoir. It was locked.

'Who's there?' cried a fluttered voice from within.

'Me!' was the gruff and ungrammatical answer.

The door was opened. Clarence sprang in, grasping his umbrella.

'—As though it were a weapon To smite the gazer dead.'

The smell and smoke of tobacco filled the room.

'Woman! woman! where is he?' he shouted.

'Who?' asked the trembling lady.

'I know not—I care not,' answered Clarence, savagely. 'But show me to him, and I'll run him through.'

And he made a sanguinary pass through the empty air at an imaginary foe.

'You are beside yourself,' said Julia.

'I'll soon be alongside of somebody else,' was the ferocious reply.

'There is nobody here but I,' said Julia.

'Hold up your right hand and swear I'll not harm you Othello.'

'I won't!'

'You won't!'

The lady had kept her right hand behind her, but Clarence seizing her arm, elevated it, and lo! she was holding a half-smoked cigar! He was astounded at first, and then burst into a loud laugh.

'Do you remember,' said he, 'what the Count Merlin says about the villainess of tobacco smoke?'

'She was right!' answered Julia, throwing the cigar out of the window. 'It is odious. Now I'll tell you the whole story. Curiosity prompted me to experiment and try to discern what there was in a cigar so fascinating to American gentlemen and Spanish ladies. You interrupted me once before, but I thought your absence would give me a fine chance to try it to-night. Now what becomes of your suspicions?'

'All vanished into smoke!' said Clarence.

The old Latin poet tells us that lovers quarrelled in a renewal of love. So was it in this case; the cloud that overshadowed the Lintons passed away like the whiff of a cigar, and returned no more to vex them with its shadow.

DECAPITATE the devil and you have his character—evil. Drop the 'e,' and you have vile; strike out the 'v,' and it is el, which an Englishman will roughen into an uncomfortable locality—hell. Of a truth, the devil is in the word.

WORDSWORTH did not possess the sense of smell, and never but once did he have the satisfaction of enjoying through this faculty the Nature he loved so well. This was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, and the enjoyment was like a vision of paradise to him.

A Swarm of Bees Worth Having.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild, B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child; B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind, B sure you make matters subservient to mind. B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true, B courteous to all men, B friendly with few. B temperate in argument, pleasure, and wine, B careful of conduct, of money, of time, B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm, B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn; B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just, B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust; B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith, B active, devoted, B faithful till death; B honest, B holy, transparent, and pure, B dependent, B Christlike, and you'll B secure.

Uncle Simon's Whig Vote.

BY HAF HAZARD.

'Come, Uncle Simon, tell us how you came to be such a strong Democrat.'

This was addressed to an old settler, who with some dozen of young fellows, were seated around the bar-room fire in a village tavern, discussing politics.

'Well, boys,' says Uncle Simon, 'I suppose I must tell you the story, as it may be of some use to you. But it always makes me feel uncomfortable when I think of it, so perhaps you had better order something to quiet my nerves.'

The New England was brought, and after taking a pull, he commenced. 'I will tell the story in his own way.'

'Now, boys, you must know that my father was a strong Democrat, and he brought me up in the same way, and I always voted the straight ticket, until one spring the whig committee came to me, and by promising me an office under government, as a hogward, persuaded me to vote the pesky tig whicket.'

(Here he took a long pull at the bottle, and appeared to be much affected.)

'Carried away by visions of future glory and advancement, I went the next day and voted. I did not feel quite right about it, and kept thinking all the way home about Jacobs and Esau, Patent Rights and Potash.'

'I got home safe, but I couldn't look my wife and children in the face; so I took the milk pail and went out to milk. I had an old cow—the most gentle cow I ever saw in my life. Well, I hadn't hardly got into the barn before bang came her old foot, and the pail went whizzing out of the door, clean across the yard. I went and got it, feeling pretty mad, I tell you; but I quieted her after awhile by telling her what an old fool she made of herself, and she kept pretty quiet till I was about half through milking, when slap came her old hoof and laid me and the pail of milk up against the side of the barn. I picked myself up and by that time I had got all fired mad, I tell you; so I got a rope and tied her up, and walloped her harsum, now I tell you. Then I finished milking her, and started for the house with about a quart of milk.'

I had a fine flock of sheep in the yard, all of 'em as quiet as assets. They gathered around me, and first one would put its nose into the pail and then another, till it was all gone. I was so mad with myself and the damned old cow that I didn't notice them. At last an old ram came up and not finding any milk, he backed off about fifteen feet and came for me. I picked up what there was left of Uncle Simon and the pail, off from a wood pile, and started for the house again.

'Just as I got to the door, I saw all my hogs going out of the front gate. I started for them, to head them off. I had a new buggy wagon standing in the yard, that cost me fifty dollars. They run, and one of the obstinate hogs run right thro' one of the wheels and broke his ugly back and two of the spokes.'

'I gave up in despair, and went into the house, feeling kinder savage, and mean too. My wife, Sally, was at work when I came in, but she looked up at me. Says she—'why Simon, what is the matter with you? you look as mean as if you had been stealing a sheep, or something dreadful!'

'Says I, Sally, set down there,' and she sat down. 'Now,' says I, 'I'll tell you all about it.' So I told her the whole story; and says she—'It is a judgment from heaven on you, for betraying your country.' She said that I was worse than Judas of old, and I think I was, now.

'Now, boys,' said he, 'if you ever expect to be anybody, or to leave a name that will be held up as an example to your future ancestry, just remember my experience, and always vote the straight Democratic ticket.'

'But how about the government office, Uncle Simon?' says one of us.

'Oh! I have never applied for that yet,' said he, as he emptied his glass and set it down with a melancholy shake of his head, while we were roaring with laughter.

REFLECTIONS ON METHUSALEH.—How many minds are there who have taken into their minds the full meaning of those nine hundred sixty and nine years which measure the life of the "oldest inhabitant?" Figures of arithmetic are empty symbols; we measure time by deeds. One summer's life in busy, fruitful lands, seems longer to man's heart than centuries at the frozen pole. Yet, though history records nothing of the labors of Methusaleh, we know that his hours did not "slumber in sleep." They were the same messengers that outrun crashless debtors, and out short lovers' dreams. They were the same swift stepping elves. O faded beauty! whose forked feet trod thy dimples into wrinkles. The time that waited so long on Methusaleh, was the same striding skeleton that swings a pitiless scythe in the pages of the New England Primer. His fields were mowed less frequently than now, but they yielded heavier crops. "For there were giants in those days."

We have measured the age of Methusaleh only by the sun-dial. Let us take the coil of this life, the nine hundred sixty and nine years of his pilgrimage, and roll it out from this present over a past which history has lighted. It stretches back beyond the landing of the Pilgrims; beyond the brightness of the reformation, into the dim twilight of the middle ages; back beyond the new birth of a continent; back beyond Agincourt, and Cressy, and Hastings, and over the graves of twenty-five generations, to the very childhood of the English people! William, the Conqueror, if he should rise at this day to confound the ambitious names which claim to have "come over" with him, would be younger by one hundred years than Methusaleh was when he died!

THE DIFFERENCE.—"Why is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French always fight for honor?" "I suppose," said the Switzer, "that each fight for what they most lack."

A GENTLEMAN was once making fun of a sack which a young lady wore. "You had better keep quiet," was the reply, "or I will give you the sack." "I should be most happy," was the gallant response, "if you will give it to me as it is, with yourself inside of it."

DURING the May anniversaries in New York, the following dialogue was overheard between two of the newsboys: "I say, Jimmy, what is the meaning of so many preachers being here all together?" "Why," answered Jim, "they always meet here once a year to exchange sermons with each other."

MANY persons utter an offensive witicism in reply to a friend, for no better reason than the boy gave for knocking his father down—"He stood so fair I couldn't help it."

THE "first" business of Lynn is the manufacture of shoes. That, however, is intimately connected with the "last" business.

CONUNDRUM.—Why is a pen maker the most dishonest man in the world? Because he makes people steel pens, and say they do write.

"WHICH can travel the fastest, heat or cold?" "Why, heat you dunce! Can't anybody catch cold?"

THE moon's pale beam that "stole softly through the half-closed casement," has been committed to answer.

A LADY at sea, in a gale of wind, being full of apprehension, cried out: "We shall go to the bottom—necery on us, how my head swims!" "Madam," said a sailor, "you'll never go to the bottom, while your head swims!"

BEAUTIFUL Extract: Helping a pretty dam sel out of a mud-puddle.

VICE is earth's ballast; in due time it will be thrown overboard, and sink.

The little ones are near to God, just as the earth—a small planet—is near to the sun.

Why is a kiss like some sermons? Because there are two heads and one application.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of Aaron Moore, deceased, must pay up, and those having demands against the Estate must present them, legally attested, on or before the first day of March next, to

EMILY MOORE, Adm'r.
Snow Creek, Jan 23, 1858 28 2

THE CREDITORS

OF Elijah A. Alexander, of Pickensville, will meet at Pickens C. H., on Thursday the 11th day of February, to appoint agents to act for them in relation to the assigned estate of the said E. A. Alexander.

J. E. HAGOOD, Assignee.
J. J. NORTON, Assignee.
Jan 30, 1858 28 1

LOST.

ON the 20th January, 1858, 20 DOLLARS bills, 2 town of Wallahalla, 3 five dollar bills, 2 one dollar bills, and 1 one dollar bill. One five dollar bill on the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, payable at Charleston, and the other bills not recollectible.

J. L. ABERNATHY.
Jan 22, 1858 28 3

Ten Dollars Reward.

STRAYED OR STOLEN from Wayside farm in the month of October or November, a handsome light yellow Tuscan Cow unmarked, with very white horns, handsomely shaped and heavy for her height. The above reward will be paid for any information that may lead to the recovery of the cow.

J. OVERTON LEWIS.
Wayside, Jan 9, 1858 26 4

VELVET RIBBON.

NOW open, 125 pieces of VELVET RIBBON, Ermine and a great variety of Fancy Articles, which will be sold very low by

J. D. SMITH & CO.
Pendleton, Oct 30 16 1f

LOTS FOR SALE.

PERSONS desirous of purchasing LOTS IN THE TOWN OF WALLAHALLA, can have them on the usual conditions. Apply to

J. H. OSTENDORF, Agent.
Wallahalla, Nov. 9, 1854 20 1f

State of South Carolina,
PICKENS DIST.—IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.
A. Robins & Son Foreign Attachment.
vs
Thomas Sandford. Joseph J. Norton, Ppfe Att'y.

WHEREAS, the plaintiff did, on the 11th day of July, 1857, file his declaration against the defendant, who (as it is said) is absent from and without the limits of this State, and has neither wife nor attorney known within the same, upon whom a copy of the said declaration might be served: It is ordered, therefore, that the said defendant do appear and plead to the said declaration on or before the 20th day of July, 1858; otherwise, final and absolute judgment will then be given and awarded against him.

J. E. HAGOOD, c.c.p.
Clerk's Office, July 11, 1857 199

State of South Carolina,
PICKENS DIST.—IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.
James E. Hagood Foreign Attachment.
vs
John A. Boyd. Norris, Harrison & Pulliam, Ppfe Att'y.

WHEREAS, the plaintiff did, on the 16th day of May, 1857, file his declaration against the defendant, who (as it is said) is absent from and without the limits of this State, and has neither wife nor attorney known within the same, upon whom a copy of the said declaration might be served: It is ordered, therefore, that the said defendant do appear and plead to the said declaration on or before the 18th day of May, 1858; otherwise final and absolute judgment will then be given and awarded against him.

J. E. HAGOOD, c.c.p.
Clerk's Office, May 16, 1857 199

State of South Carolina,
PICKENS DIST.—IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.
Charles E. Callender Foreign Attachment.
vs
Anson Bangs & Co. Ppfe Att'y.

WHEREAS, the plaintiff did, on the 20th day of August, 1857, file his declaration against the defendant, who (as it is said) is absent from and without the limits of this State, and has neither wife nor attorney known within the same, upon whom a copy of the said declaration might be served: It is ordered, therefore, that the said defendant do appear and plead to the said declaration on or before the 30th day of August, 1858; otherwise, final and absolute judgment will then be given and awarded against them.

J. E. HAGOOD, c.c.p.
Clerk's Office, August 23, 1857 199

Pendleton Rail Road Company.

THE Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Installments of ONE DOLLAR each on the Stock of the Pendleton Railroad Company will be payable as follows:

Eleventh Installment on the 1st of August, 1857	
Twelfth " " " " " " " " " "	October
Thirteenth " " " " " " " " " "	December
Fourteenth " " " " " " " " " "	February, 1858
Fifteenth " " " " " " " " " "	April

W. H. D. GAILLARD,
Sec. and Treas. Pendleton R. R. Co.
Pendleton, May 26, 1857 46 1d

WINDOW SASHES

OF all kinds, manufactured by Easley & Davis, superior for their exactness and durability, and already painted and glazed, with the best American and French Window Glass. Always on hand at Wallahalla, and for sale low by

JOHN KRUSE.

BELLEVUE COMPANY.
Pure Zinc and American White Lead, for which the highest premium was awarded at the World's Fair, N. Y. Sale Agents for South Carolina, Carnall & Briggs, in Charleston. For sale at Wallahalla by

JOHN KRUSE.

WINDOW GLASS,

Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil, Spirits Turpentine, Putty, all kinds of Paints, dry and also ground in Oil; Glass, Paint Brushes, and all articles in this line. For sale, at the lowest figure for cash, by

JOHN KRUSE.

Wallahalla, Feb. 12, 1857 31 1f

JEWELRY, GOLD & SILVER.

JEAN BTE. FISCHESSE,
Wallahalla, S. C.

HAS just now returned from New York with a large and beautiful assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, (Both GOLD and SILVER,) Clocks, Music Boxes, Combs, Brushes, Fancy Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Gold Pens, etc., all of which has been bought for CASH, and which he offers for sale on the most accommodating terms.

He also REPAIRS WATCHES and other articles in his line, and solicits the patronage of the public. His stand is near the public square, at Wallahalla, S. C.

Dec. 15, 1856 24 1f

J. W. NORRIS, JR. J. W. HARRISON, Z. C. PULLIAM,
NORRIS, HARRISON & PULLIAM,
Attorneys at Law,

WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Mr. PULLIAM can always be found in the Office.

OFFICE AT PICKENS C. H., S. C.
Sept. 6, 1856 19A 1f

W. K. EASLEY, ISAAC WICKLIFFE,
Attorneys at Law.

WILL attend punctually to all business entrusted to their care in the Districts comprising the Western Circuit.

OFFICE AT PICKENS C. H., S. C.
Sept. 25, 1855 13 1f

State of South Carolina,
IN ORDINARY—CITATION.

WHEREAS, R. A. Thompson, Commissioner in Equity, hath applied to me for letters of administration upon all and singular the personal estate of Jas. Taylor, dec'd, late of the State of said and district of Pickens: The kindred and creditors of said deceased are, therefore, cited to appear before me, at Pickens C. H., on Wednesday 3d March next, to show cause, if any they can, why said letters should not be granted. Given under my hand and seal, 21st Jan. 1858.

W. J. PARSONS, c.p.d.

State of South Carolina,
IN ORDINARY—PICKENS.

Rob't. Powell & wife
vs
Summons in Partition.
J. M. Black, et als.
[T] appearing to my satisfaction that J. M. Black and Z. Jones and wife Nicely, parties to this suit, reside without the limits of this State: It is ordered, therefore, that they do appear and object to the division or sale of the Real Estate of Allen Black, deceased, within three months from the publication hereof, or their consent to the same will be entered of record.

W. J. PARSONS, c.p.d.
Ordinary's Office, Jan. 8, 1858 3m.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

THE undersigned are now prepared to fill orders for LUMBER of all kinds, at their MILL on Geomies Creek, seven miles north-east of Wallahalla. Lumber will be delivered if it is desired by the purchaser. Our terms will be made accommodating, and we respectfully solicit the patronage of the public.

JAMES GEORGE,
M. F. MITCHELL,
J. N. LAWRENCE.
Feb. 10, 1857 31